*Dut.* Good faith,good faith:the ſaying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee :
He was the wretchedſt thing when he was young ;
So long a growing and ſo leaſurely,
That if this were a rule, he ſhould be gracious.
*Car.* Why Maddam , ſo no doubt he is.
*Dut.* I hope ſo too but yet let Mothers doubt,
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, ( mine,
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
*Dut.* How my pietty *Yorke* : I pray thee let me heare it.
*Yor.* Marry they ſay,that my Vncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt,at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty ieſt.
*Dut.* I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee ſo ?
*Yor.* Granam , his Nurſe.
*Dut.* Why ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
*Yor.* If twere not ſhe,I cannot tell who told me.
*Qu.* A perilous boy, go too thou art too ſhrewd,
*Car.* Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
*Qu.* Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorſet,*
*Car.* Heere comes your ſonne, Lord Marques,*Dorſet,*
What newes Lord Marques ?
*Dor.* Such newes my Lord,as grieues me to vnfold.
*Qu.* How fares the Prince ?
*Dor.* Well Maddam, and in health :
*Dut.* What is the newes then ?
*Dor.* Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are ſent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, priſoners.
*Dut.* Who hath committed them ?
*Dor.* The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.
*Car.* For what offence?
*Dor.* The ſumme of all I can,I haue diſcloſed :
Why or for what theſe Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
*Qu.* Ay me,I ſee the downefall of our Houſe,
The Tiger now hath ſeazd the gentle Hinde :
Inſulting tyrany begins to iet.





Vpon the innocent and lawleſſe throane:
Welcome deſtruction,death,and maſſacre,
I ſee as in a Map the end of all.
*Dut.* Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld ?
My husband loſt his life to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe were gaine and loſſe;
And being ſeated and domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne,themſelues the conquerou
Make war vpon themſelues,blood againſt bloo
Selfe againſt ſelfe,O prepoſtrous
And franticke outrage, end the damned ſpleen
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
*Qu.* Come,come,my boy,we will to Sanctuar
*Dut.* Ile goe along with you.
*Qu.* You haue no cauſe.
*Car.* My gracious Lady, goe.
And thither beare your treaſure and your good
For my part, ile reſigne vnto your grace,
The ſeale I keepe,and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours :
Come, ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.
*The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, D*
*Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &*
*Buc.* Welcome ſweet Prince to London,to yo
*Glo.* Welcome ſweet Coſen,my thoughts ſou
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
*Prin.* No Vncle, but our croſſes on the way
Hath made it teadious, wearyſome and heauy
I want more Vncles here to welcome me,
*Glo.* Sweet Prince,the vntainted vertue of yo
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew,which God he kn
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe vncles which you want were dangerous
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts :